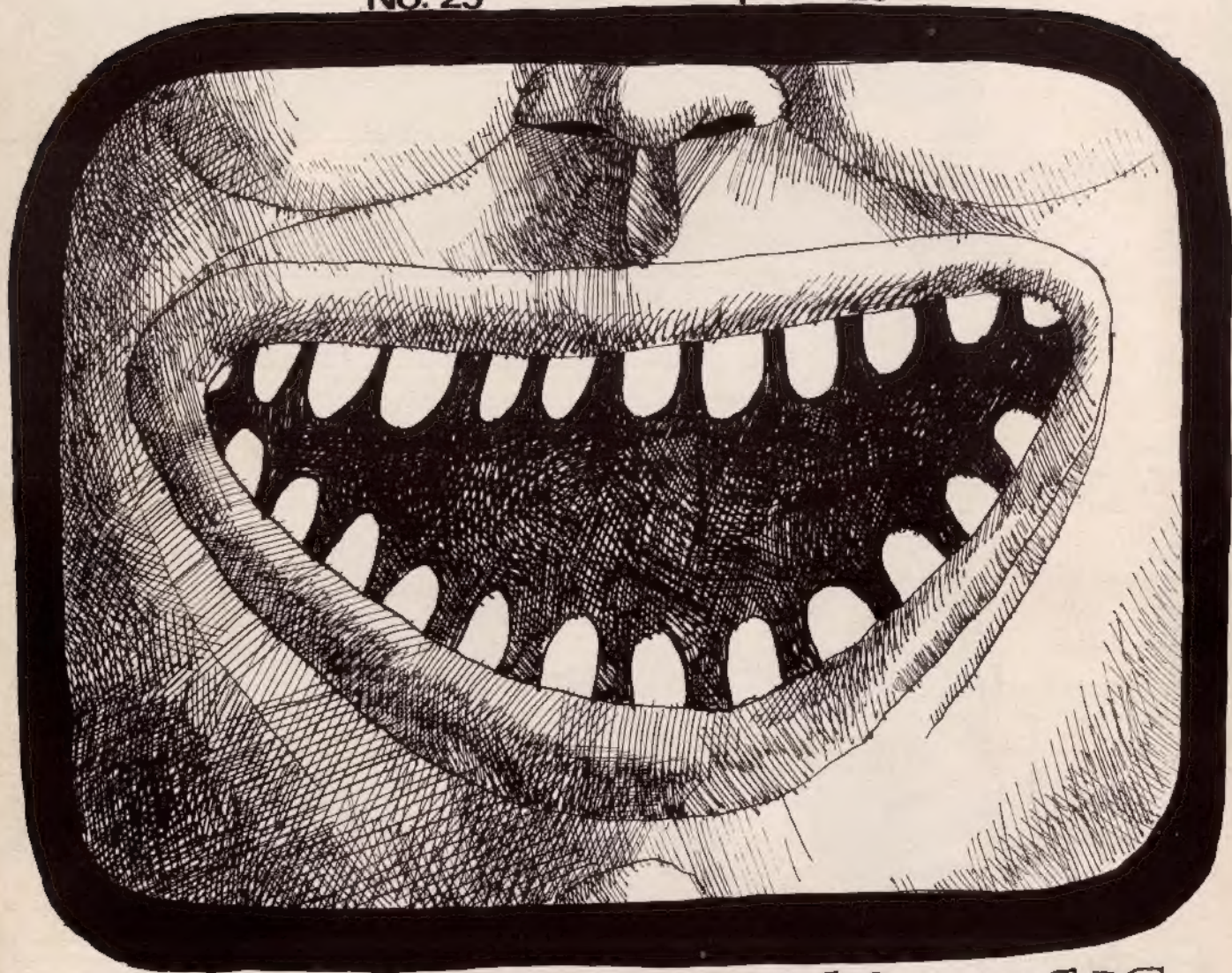


OZ

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All About OZ

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assistant editor: Dean Letcher.

art director: Martin Sharp.

artists: Mike Glasheen, Peter Kingston, Peter Wright.

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Day by
Dreary day...

December 9: Exposed! OZ as a dog in the manger.

The cover of our Xmas issue was that ugly Christmas stamp with the caption, "Who knows, some day he may grow up to be Prime Minister." Although we manfully resisted the temptation to caption it, "Congratulations, it's a girl", the Sydney Morning Herald still believed we were on the blasphemy kick and set out to prove that "this time the OZ irreverence misfired". The designer of the stamp denied that he meant it to be the Nativity scene. "That's not what I meant," he said. "I hoped it could be any family group of any country and period." Well, if Dad just whips off the false beard and gold chain while Mum bundles up the myrrh in her brocade smock we'll back out the Holden and take junior down to the Truby King centre.

December 18: In New York, Brigitte Bardot emphatically denied a suggestion that in private life she was a "sensible and intelligent" woman and stressed that she was only a sex-symbol.

Other prominent figures also chose this time to deny alleged virtues. "Call me a shrewd politician of the Tammany Hall school," pleaded Sir Robert Menzies, "but not a statesman," while Ian Smith wept tears of frustration as a Panorama report called him "a man of principle and deep conviction". N.S.W. Agent-General Abe Landa hotly denied that he was the only one suitable for the job and Arthur Calwell laughingly disparaged a remark that 1965 had been the Year of Calwell.

December 19: Illegal immigrant Andrew Wong was deported to Hong Kong. The Sydney Soccer star Johnny Wong is due to follow him as soon as the Government feels it is politically expedient. Which proves that two wongs still don't make a white.

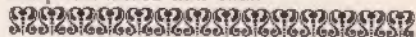
December 25: Queen's Christmas Day speech to her remaining loyal subjects was ghosted by a professional TV scriptwriter. The producer of the big spectacular thought that "it was the first time the Queen has felt really at home with the script. It was a writer who knows the medium of TV pretty well—knows how to praise things colloquially in short sentences."

He seems to know the Queen's capabilities pretty well, too.

December 28: Good old Paul Hasluck was still being coy about his big trip to Vietnam. No one could accuse him of playing to the Press Gallery when he returned but he was accused of everything else. The 'Australian' editorial summarised the farce.

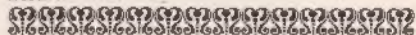
December 29: Following this summary justice and an order from his Ming on high, Hasluck finally gave the year's most uninformative press-interview. He also showed himself to be one of the year's most ill-informed interviewees and the Press was not impressed.

Poor modern St. Paul, as soon as his God told him to stop kicking against the pricks, the pricks kicked him back.



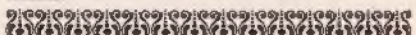
January 1: New Year's Honours

to Reg. Fogarty of Carlton and United Breweries (for the finest set of restrictive trade practices in Australia), Henry Boite (for the same reasons as his honorary doctorate of laws, i.e. none) and an OBE to Eric Baume. Frederick Ehrenfried Baume said his award was a great compliment to broadcasting. When asked by the 'Australian' why he had been selected to receive this compliment to his profession, he replied: "I haven't the faintest idea." And neither have we.

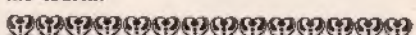


January 3: Time magazine declares General W. Westmoreland "Man of the Year" for his role as 'the main instrument of U.S. policy in Vietnam'. Actually, Westmoreland was its second choice. Man of the Year was going to be the strategist who formed U.S. policy in Vietnam—but no one would admit responsibility.

Billy McMahon, Minister for Labour and National Service, returned from a 17-day honeymoon in Tahiti. He told a press conference that he had not changed his basic position in foreign relations or domestic affairs.

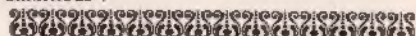


January 16: Colonel Oxley, manning the frontline at Singleton Nasho training camp, is well-prepared to receive the 'young lions' of recruits that he expects in the next (forced) draft. The colonel and his officers plan to whip the cubs into shape with a special new plan. "My officers have their orders," Col. Oxley grated to the 'Sun-Herald'. "They will extend to the recruits my three F's—fairness, firmness and friendliness." And the recruits will teach them the fourth.



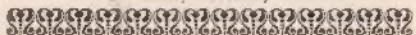
January 17: David Manton, Australia's exchange for Prince Charles, arrived in London on his way to a term at Gordonstoun School. On the whole it seems a pretty fair swap.

According to the "Australian", David is not outstanding at scholastic work or public appearances (how its fit!) but did manage to win a Rutter Badge for proficiency in the house (which doesn't sound very Charles). His father described him as "a very placid and simple young man, uncluttered and quite uninhibited . . . not too ambitious".



January 21: Singer Normie Rowe is due for his third big-time court appearance in a few days. The charge that everyone has forgotten about in the welter of free publicity is carnal knowledge.

Of course, we're used to our idols having clay feet and so no one really cares about the result. Even Normie seems to have a fatalistic "what will be, will be" attitude to the whole affair. Or has he? Is the name of his latest LP a sly attempt to influence the jury? (For those over 13, the title is "It Ain't Necessarily Rowe".)





St. Francis in Hanoi

The Department of Immigration did not want me to go to Hanoi. They didn't tell me why: they just endorsed my Passport "Not Valid for North Viet Nam."

I tried to persuade them to cancel this restriction — after all, as a taxpayer, I pay their wages, don't I? But they would not be in it.

Until then, although I had hoped to look in on Hanoi during a tour round South East Asia and China, I would not have lost any sleep if the authorities of the Democratic Republic of North Viet Nam had refused me admission. To be told by my own Government, through the bureaucrats I help to pay, that I couldn't go to Hanoi, made me determined to do just that.

As it happened, the restriction probably helped. They regard Australia in Hanoi as a mere puppet of the United States, and they have a sufficient sense of humour to help twist the tails of puppet governments. I wrote about it to a mate in Pekin—an Anglican priest, as a matter of fact. He kindly communicated the facts through the usual channels to his R.C. friends in Hanoi (communists, Christians or what-have-you, the attitude of these chaps is that they are all Asians together) and when I reached Hong Kong the New China Travel Agency whisked me across to Canton, where my D.R.V. visa was waiting on a piece of paper to be clipped inside my Passport. Then I flew to Nanning and down to Hanoi.

All in a day. As simple as that.

As a Christian, and therefore *au fait* with some aspects of morality (especially alcohol,

juvenile delinquency, sex and the other things which interest my Archbishop), I had assumed that the Department of Immigration wanted to keep me away from Hanoi because of its erstwhile reputation as a hotbed of oriental vice. Immediately I set foot on Gia-lam airport (the main airfield at Hanoi), I was on the alert for signs of all that vice for which the Mysterious East is famed, and which I had detected in all its most repellent forms in Saigon two days earlier.

There was none. The Department may be reassured. Like Pekin and Shanghai, Hanoi is a completely safe place to send the most innocent child, unaccompanied. He would stand in no moral danger whatever: there just is none.

The contrast between Saigon and Hanoi could not be more glaring. Saigon is a dirty, rich old whore, full of brothels, clip joints masquerading as night clubs, extortion and other rackets, sandbags, barbed wire, rackets of every imaginable kind. Hanoi is a pure, somewhat puritanical virgin. No grog. No brothels and all the rest. She is poor; there are hardly any motor cars. There is just about enough food to go round; but no one seems to get more than his share.

The chaps who run the place are monkish in a way, yet, it seemed to me, full of wisdom, worldly and otherwise. I met most of them privately and on the basis that,

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although I was at liberty to use all they told me as "background", I would not quote them directly. This account therefore contains no quotations from Mr. Ho Chi Minh, Mr. Pham Van Dong, General Vo Nguyen Giap or any others whom I met. They played it straight with me. They did not dodge a single question or refuse to show me a single thing I asked to see. They were so considerate and courteous that I felt humble at my Australian boorishness by the time I left.

The first thing that shook me was the discovery how extraordinarily well-informed they are about the outside world. They have a first-rate broadcasting monitoring service, which produces a daily abstract of global radio news. It covers the United States, France, China, Russia and every other Power. Backing this intelligence, their Foreign Ministry in Hanoi has a set of up-to-date newspaper files which would be the envy of the National Library in Canberra. You see two- or three-day-old copies not only of "Pravda" and the Chinese daily Press, but of the "New York Times" and half-a-dozen other U.S. dailies, the London "Times", the French Press, and the Press of every Asian country—including Australia. It was nice to see Monday's edition of the "Australian" in Hanoi on Wednesday evening.

All the top leaders of the D.R.V. seem to know quite a bit about what goes on in the

United States, and what U.S. public figures are saying and doing. Only a very few people in Hanoi—and they don't belong to the top stratum—bother about what Australia and Australians are doing and saying. As far as Hanoi is concerned, Australia just does not count. The very few who even knew a little about us expressed their polite regret that we had been compelled by the American imperialists to blot our copybook with other Asian countries.

I found them unbelievably well-informed about Saigon and what they call the U.S. puppet government of Sub Brigadier-General Cy. At first, I suspected that I was being quietly kidded up a tree, when I was told that their information about all sorts of things, including South Viet Nam strategy at the highest level, for example, did not come through the National Liberation Front (the Viet Cong, as it is abusively called in Saigon), but directly from the Army and the Government in Saigon.

I was not being kidded. As isolated facts began to fall into their place in the picture, I realised that I was being told the literal truth. It explained much. In Saigon, the American soldier of any seniority who has been there long will ear-bash you for hours about the fact that the South Viet Nam army will never fight, that it has no idea of "security", and that the Viet Cong has an uncanny knack of discovering in advance any attack that is about to be launched.

I had read in books by U.S. journalists like David Halberstam (New York Times), John Mecklin (Chief of the U.S. Information Service in Saigon) and Malcolm Browne (U.P.I. Saigon correspondent) about the lack of enthusiasm of South Viet Nam troops; but I did not quite believe it until I talked directly with newspaper and military friends in Saigon on my way to Hong Kong. It is not that they are not just as brave as the N.L.F. or the D.R.V. troops. They must be, because after all they are all Viet Namese. Which is the point, as one colonel told me in Hanoi. With the exception of a few fanatics, Viet Namese don't especially like killing each other. A Foreign Ministry official who was present added politely, "People who live in Sydney are more likely to enjoy killing people who live in Melbourne, you see."

It shook me that a Viet Namese should be so well up on Australian lore. This one even asked me a few technical questions—which I could not answer—about the Opera House!

At a guess, I suspect that the U.S. Army in Saigon must know that Hanoi's intelligence reaches into the heart of the South Viet Namese Army and Government (not that there is much difference between the two), because even during my brief stay in Saigon friends told me this was so strongly suspected that the South Viet Namese would soon be kept in the dark about certain impending military operations. I thought they might have been suffering from spy mania, until I got to Hanoi. Since I returned home, it has been officially been confirmed, of course, that the U.S. has undertaken major operations without informing the Saigon authorities in advance. Q.E.D.

How information is transmitted from Saigon to Hanoi I have no idea. I did not ask. I can only state my belief that it is sent fast and accurately.

Conditions and happenings elsewhere in the South are equally well known in Hanoi, but I formed the impression that there was a much greater delay in getting information from areas outside Saigon. Naturally, I did not ask direct questions; but I gathered indirectly that the reason was that the National Liberation Front handled it all through its own, separate, channels.

Whether those channels include bush telegraph, runners or radio, and whether they run out to sea and around from the great Delta, or whether they run through Laos, I have no idea. One thing is certain, Hanoi knows what is going on in areas of the South outside the capital before Saigon itself knows.

I asked directly how many regular D.R.V. troops had been sent south to fight, and in particular whether it was true that they numbered three divisions. The answer was that the total number was considerably less than half a division, and that it did not contain any homogeneous, self-contained fighting unit at all. The N.L.F. had all the men it needed, I was told, and the "very few" D.R.V. regular troops in the South were concerned with training, information and supply.

They are very particular in Hanoi to make it clear that the N.L.F. paddles its own canoe, and is not directed from Hanoi. At the same time, they make it clear that the two act in concert.

As to Chinese and Russian influence, I can only say that I saw perhaps half-a-dozen Chinese in all my time in Hanoi, but many more Russians. They were all in mufti. They could well have been soldiers. There is certainly no Russian or Chinese military formation, but my hosts volunteered the information that there were "many" Russian advisory teams in the country helping with the SAMs which the Soviet Union has sent to counter U.S. air attacks.

The future? Unanimously, with one heart and voice, Hanoi says it will win. It is completely uninterested in "negotiations"—a fact which has already been well reported in the West. The reason is, they say, that there is just nothing to negotiate about. The negotiations were all completed at Geneva in 1954, signed, sealed and delivered. The Americans did not sign and seal, but they took part in all the negotiations leading up to the Agreements, and when everyone else signed and sealed, the Americans solemnly said they would string along with the rest and not upset any of what had been agreed.

Well, they say in Hanoi, where does that

leave us? One of the things agreed was that all foreign troops would leave Viet Nam—North and South. The French honoured their promise, but then the Americans, who had a mere handful of military advisers at the time in Saigon, started gradually building up their numbers of troops, setting up enormous air and naval bases. In other words, the Americans broke the spirit of the Geneva Agreements. Before they or anyone else can start talking about "negotiations", the Americans must pull out.

Hanoi knows that the U.S. is not going to do anything of the kind. They know that it would involve too great a loss of "face". They are prepared for escalation on a massive scale, including bombing of the Red River dyke system and the invasion of Laos from Thailand and South Viet Nam. The economic effects on Hanoi, they realise, would be terrible. But they do not care. Every bomb that the U.S. drops anywhere on Asian soil, they say, loses the U.S. another friend, turns a potential friend into an implacable enemy.

World opinion, says Hanoi, would simply ostracise the U.S. if the Red River dyke system were bombed and some hundreds of thousands of Viet Namese were killed—as they assuredly would be.

U.S. "Peace offensives" cut no ice in Hanoi. Deeds speak louder than words, they say. The one thing about which they are absolutely certain is that the U.S. cannot possibly win this war by military means, without first killing every one of more than 10 million Viet Namese capable of fighting. In other words, Hanoi says, even if it comes to bare hands against nuclear bombs, they are going to win.

Well, it is an attitude. A point of view. A ridiculous one, in purely military terms, if you consider what the U.S. Seventh Fleet, cruising offshore, alone could do in a matter of minutes. None the less, it is a point of view that I am personally inclined to accept.

FRANCIS JAMES





The following is not satire but fact. It is the examination paper in "Christian Doctrine" set in August last year for a class of 12-13 year elders at a Sydney Roman Catholic school:

Which statements do you consider are the BEST to complete these sentences?

- (a) Man is the noblest of God's creatures on earth because (i) God made man (ii) Man is made to the image and likeness of God (iii) Man can think.
- (b) Authority in society comes from (i) God (ii) the State (iii) Parliament.
- (c) For true obedience we must obey (i) because we will get into trouble (ii) because we love and respect our parents (iii) all authority comes from God.
- (d) If we live at home with our parents we must obey them (i) till we are 21 (ii) forever (iii) until we have the right to vote.
- (e) What name is given to murder of the sick or aged? (i) euthanasia (ii) suicide (iii) abortion.
- (f) Which of the following can be listed as a step towards murder (i) sloth (ii) reading gangster comics (iii) jealousy.
- (g) Which of the following statements is most correct? (i) Man is the leader, woman must follow (ii) The woman is the real force in family life (iii) Man and woman are complementary in character.
- (h) Marriage must be permanent because (i) The Church does not grant divorce (ii) To give stability to the loved one and the children (iii) even the State looks down on divorce.
- (i) The vice most likely to lead to suicide is (i) despair (ii) impurity (iii) laziness.
- (j) Which of the following would you apply to Christian love (i) faithful (ii) patient (iii) inspiring (iv) chaste (v) pleasant.
- (k) We should pray to Our Lady when tempted to impurity because (i) Mary is the Mother of God (ii) Mary, a woman like ourselves, by the grace of God was preserved free from sin (iii) It is good to have devotion to Our Lady.
- (l) The virtue which controls the sex appetite and helps us to use it rightly is (i) Chastity (ii) Modesty (iii) Purity.
- (m) We should respect our bodies because (i) they are just as important as our souls (ii) they will one day be glorified in Heaven (iii) God made them.
- (n) Drunkenness is a sin because (i) it robs man of the power of living according to his nature (ii) alcohol is a drug (iii) strong drink is bad.
- (o) To overcome anger it is a good idea to (i) count to ten (ii) try to forgive others (iii) go to Holy Communion every day.
- (p) I offer my seat to an old lady in the bus because (i) I am in my school uniform (ii) it is a school rule (iii) for the love of Christ Whom I see in her.
- (q) When I am a parent, the most important way to help train my children in Christian principles is by (i) sending them to a Catholic School (ii) giving good example (iii) by demanding obedience.
- (r) The State may execute a prisoner because (i) it cannot commit a mortal sin (ii) it possesses this right for a common good (iii) criminals desire to be killed.



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uck

PROSPEROUS HUMBUG — — — — —

Eric the Red, a thousand years dead, his prowess contested by few,
Has his Nordic claim to immortal fame, now challenged by Eric a Jew.
Throughout the year in every sphere his triumphs, he says, are homeric,
To heads of State he is persona great, also according to Eric.

A brave career as volunteer, without any prospect of fighting
Somehow he dropped, and off he popped when things grew a trifle exciting,
With war's alarm he flew to arms behind a Mayfair door-o,
Achieved no fame but earned the name of Fleet Street's Plazatoro.



When some brigade a sortie made or charged the German front,
He'd always swear that he was there right in the toughest stunt.
Mid din of battle his keys he'd rattle, ignoring shot and shell
Eric, you see, was a W.C., which means war correspondent as well.

A radio clown, he fooled the town and half the press as well,
And though no corps took him to war, he joined the R.S.L.
The yarns he told of ventures bold would lift Munchausen's lid
And make look tame the Viking's name beside his namesake yid.

King-size ME of 2BG, he sates his modest ego
As mikes bulge full of bilge and bull and soundwaves get vertigo.
His bovinism, bum chauvinism and puerile fulminations
Still fool some glugs and pop-drunk mugs who tune to hand-out stations.

On Anzac Day he blabs away as "ex-Lieutenant B,"
And then from war he turns to law, as son of a K.C.
Of politics he knows the tricks—his pa held cabinet rank;
All flagrant lies, to aggrandise a bombast mountebank.

Captain FRED AARONS, M.B.E.,
Exeter, N.S.W.



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WENTWORTH

the bourbon conspiracy



MACKAY

"The recent Government back-bench revolt in Canberra . . . is not a revolt of progressives. It is an intended coup by the Bourbons of the Liberal Party those who have forgotten nothing and learned nothing."
A. A. Calwell, December 15, 1965.

Who are the Bourbons? Where do they plot?
When will they strike next?
How do you recognise the Bourbon Nextdoor?

Who are the Backbench Bourbons?

They are a group of Liberal backbenchers who cannot influence the Government. So, to rule, they must conquer. There are two main groups:

1. The Old Pretenders

(a) W. C. Wentworth IV, MHR for Mackellar (NSW). Always a backbencher, he has led the clique (like the Duke of Plaza-Toro) from behind since 1949.

(b) Sir Wilfrid S. Kent Hughes, MHR for Chisholm (Vic.), MRA for ever. Enthusiastic skier, quondam poet (Slaves of the Samurai — epics written surreptitiously while POW) and leading anti-communist. Recently leapt into print on the Manchurian forces in 1946-48, thus confounding the historians and re-inforcing his electoral image. Now known as the "Manchurian Candidate".

(c) W. C. Haworth, MHR for Isaacs (Vic.), undistinguished sportsman and chemist. Well known in Canberra for his incisive Med. Benefits orations. (N.B.—The similarity in initials of the Old Pretenders — two W.C.'s and Kent Hughes' W.S. Is it a secret sign? Are they born that way?)

2. The Young Pretenders

(d) D. J. "Jim" Killen, MHR for Moreton (Qld.), ex-jackeroo, aircraftsman and employee of Rheem. In hot water ever since. Founded Young Libs. in Qld., etc. Long past of little historical importance. Interests range from Brisbane (Line) to Cairns (Jim) to Moscow (Line), all of which he finds in the most unlikely places.

(e) J. D. Jess, MHR for Latrobe (Vic.), an S.E.2 revolutionary. His father was Lieut-General, from whom he inherited his militaristic streak.

Interests: Tennis, fishing in troubled

waters.

(f) Dr. W. T. Gibbs, MB, BS, FRCS, FRCSE, MHR for Bowman (Qld.). An ex-Flying Doctor, who now keeps Australia out of the pink of condition. Author of *Report on Liquor Reform in Qld.*, 1963 (in collab), now believed to be writing new novel *White Paper on Communism* (innuendos).

(g) Dr. M. G. "Mal" Mackay (PhD), MHR Evans (NSW), another flying doctor but this time on the side of the angels (Presbyt. Minister). Coined term "Australian Viet Cong" to describe critics of Govt. policy. Former Master of Basser College at the University of NSW — not strong on free thought according to student Malcontents.

(h) Tom Hughes, MHR for Parkes, another outdoors man (skiing, surfing) learning fast how to come in out of the rain. Canberra mouthpiece for Sir Frank Packer and star of recent reserve wool price opposition, he frequently leads his parliamentary columns across the pages of the "Daily Telegraph".

Where do they plot?

1. Parliament House. Sitting on the right hand of the Speaker.

2. Naval and Military Club (Melbourne) — main hotbed of anti-subversion in the South. Members include Kent Hughes, Haworth and Jess.

3. Royal Sydney Golf Club — This is an apparently unlikely centre for conspiracy but many takeovers have been hatched at 19th and the atmosphere is strongly Bourbon. Hughes and W.C.W. IV admit membership but Dr. Mackay is more reticent, purporting to belong to the "Rose Bay Surf Club". Since Rose Bay is not a surf beach (or even a beach) but is no more than a grenade-throw from

Royal Sydney, only one conclusion may be drawn: Dr. Mackay is a SECRET member of Royal Sydney Golf Club.

4. Parliamentary Foreign Affairs Committee — Mr. Haworth represents the Old Guard while Jess and Hughes are right in there for the youngsters.

How do you recognise the Bourbon next door?

1. His wife — she is a soldier's daughter.

Mrs. Jess (sired by Lieut-Gen. Smart) and now at stud with Lieut-Gen. Carl Jess's progeny, of course), Mrs. Killen (by Col. E. Buley) and Mrs. Mackay (by Rev. G. W. Shapley — a Christian Soldier).

2. He was first elected in 1949.

W.C.W. IV, Kent Hughes and Haworth all romped home in a dog-trot when the hounds of war were let slip in Korea and the partnership has traded quite profitably on the Red menace ever since.

3. Or 1963.

Hughes (in Parkes), Dr. Gibbs (Bowman) and Dr. Mackay (Evans) all brought their swing seats into line during this Labour-is-soft-on-Reds time. With a bit of luck and a few more years on the roundabout they may all swing out again.

4. They write for "Australian International News Review".

Sir Wilfrid Kent Hughes — "Will Thailand be the next victim of Communist pressures?" (No.)

Malcontent Mackay and W.C.W. IV

Where will they strike next?

1. Teach-ins.
2. The Wool Board.
3. Restrictive Trade Practices Bill draughtsman's office.
4. At every post office with call-up papers.

DEAN LETCHER

Letters we won't receive in 1966

Dame Patty and I were laughing over the latest copy of OZ tonight when Patty mentioned that she felt that I didn't have the usual amount of space devoted to me as in previous issues.

Well, I immediately took down my leatherbound volume of OZ and

a quick check revealed that what she said was true.

Then it occurred to me that I haven't been featured on the cover for at least three issues — Proby, Prince Philip, Jesus but no Ming since Issue 21. Is it something I've done?

I really tried my best to sell all the Ming Don't GO-GO badges you sent me. And I believe I myself didn't know about my retirement until I read about it in the "Herald".

Hoping to see more of me in the next issue.

Robert G. Menzies.

P.S.—I still have a few unsold chapters of my book which you might like an Exclusive on. Let me know soon.

Ming.

... and though I was a little "sour" on it when the item was first brought to my attention I have since realised that our recruitments have risen over 300%.

It would seem that the calibre of men we are looking for are very much attracted to life in the force as you portrayed it on pages 18 and 19 of your December issue.

Should you intend doing anything on the Police Force again please feel free to call upon me so that I may extend to you the full co-operation of my department.

Yours,

**Norm Allen,
NSW Commissioner of Police.**

.....

Dear Sirs,

1966 is here and in keeping with my policy of being on everybody's side I would like to make my peace



with the editors of OZ.

As I was saying to my good friend King Farouk last week: "OZ is the kind of magazine that appeals to men of the world like you and I" He agreed with me.

My good friend and fellow writer Bernard Shaw would have liked, no applauded, OZ for its forthrightness and candour.

I once in my youth referred to OZ as a "dirty little magazine with filth in it". I won't go back on this statement — that's the kind of magazine I like.

Please feel free to call upon me at any time for the help that my tremendous journalistic experience can offer you. Perhaps I can get the co-operation of famous people for you to lampoon—I know the names of many of them personally.

Your friend,
Eric Baume.

We take this opportunity to thank you for the support your admirable magazine has given the British Monarchy over the last year.

However, we would like to point out that you misquoted our husband on a recent cover. Our husband did, in fact, say: "Her Highness doesn't go to Gerry, he comes to my wife."

"Gerry" being the Hon. Gerald Fitzgerald Squath, a close personal friend of ours whom certain French papers have mentioned of late in a rather unfavorable light.

Again we thank you for your support and our best wishes for your success in 1966

E.H.R.

P.S.—Enclosed is a small piece about the Prime Minister. We are sure you will be able to use it.

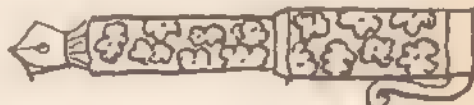
I have been reading OZ regularly since it was first brought to my attention in court during that regrettable little matter in 1964

Though I have not changed my decision in the matter of obscenity I would like you to know that I thoroughly enjoy reading it.

I remain yours,
E. A. Locke, S.M.

o o o o

... You're the only people down there who apparently believe I had nothing to do with that dreadful Virgin Mary affair



Scoop! Photo!

Early morning habitues of Bondi Beach were startled by this unusual sight last month. Some believed the group to be a Commission of N.S.W. State Cabinet Ministers come to study the problem of pollution on Sydney Beaches.

Others thought they were elements of the OZ "Save Our Ming" march who had lost their way.

The truth was simpler. The group was part of the crowd scene from a new cigarette commercial being filmed there. Details of the actual commercial are a closely guarded secret but your OZ reporter was able to ascertain that it is for an entirely new cigarette called "Pop".

"Pop" is the first joint marketing venture of Rothman's and W. D. & H. O. Wills in a combined effort to beat the "cancer scare". "Pop" is 90 per cent filter and 10 per cent marihuana, that looks and tastes like a cigar.

It will be test marketed in limited areas at first to assess public acceptance. We are told it will be sold in Paddington, Prahran and Nurioopta.

The jingle which was written and orchestrated by Garry Shearston, says: "Take off your shoes . . . run through the surf . . . enjoy the lightheaded feeling of "Pop".

The commercial, on which no expense will be spared, will be produced by Samuel Bronsten, directed by Igmar Bergman and will star Sammy Davis Jr. and Blossom Rock.

Watch your TV screens for this great new extravaganza.





HANOI, Monday.—A Chinese adviser hoped to accompany the corpse of his Australian "mate", killed in action last Friday, back to Australia.

The pair, Sergeant Sean Patrick "Paddy" O'Reilly, 58, originally from Sydney, and Sergeant Han "Tiny" Ping, burly 6ft. 4in. of Peking, were special advisers with the same unit of North Vietnamese rebels.

Ping told the press yesterday that they became "mates" from the first time they met in a Saigon brothel where he had also learnt how to speak English.

O'Reilly was with him on his first atrocious mission. And the pair were together in every subsequent atrocity in the last six months, many of which involved heavy fighting in which the two of them were greatly outnumbered by American and Allied advisers.

You could trust

"He was the sort of dinkum bloke you felt you could trust at any time, regardless of whatever atrocious condition he happened to be in," said Ping of his mate. "We certainly experienced no racial segregation."

They were together on Friday when Sergeant O'Reilly was hit in the head by a single new-fangled tumbling bullet fired by a cunning sniper from the roof of a nearby American consulate eight yards away.

"Paddy", Ping reminisced, "kept on pathetically trying to get up, even though he had been totally decapitated. I've seen chickens behaving like that." He added quaintly. "But I didn't know those Aussie jokers were the same."

Asked to contribute

Back at their secret hide-out, other

Chinese advisers sent around the army surplus helmet to meet the cost of sending O'Reilly's body back to Australia and to help fellow-traveller Ping with his fare.

Apart from escorting the body back to Sydney, Ping also wishes to enter Australia, where he will be met by Mrs. O'Reilly, surrounded by friends and sympathisers.

Mrs. O'Reilly said her husband had died "doing the atrocious things he had always wanted to do."

FRANCIS KUIPERS,
Kings Cross, N.S.W.

The STIFF Arm OF THE LAW

December 9: A Sydney detective testified that an accused man had dictated a confession to him. It was a remarkably full and well-phrased confession.

Unfortunately the man had a rare speech defect and a specialist found he was "incapable of saying even simple phrases or sentences". Almost everything he said was incomprehensible and his mother was the only one able to really communicate with him—and this was by "signs and instinct".

There was no doubt he had signed the statement—but this was because one of them threatened me with a gun and said, "Sign it or I'll shoot you." Case dismissed, no action against police.

December 17: Another Sydney detective giving evidence against a man charged with murder said he had taken a statement (i.e. confession) from him. However, the alleged murderer was never shown it, was not asked to sign it and didn't even get a copy. "I didn't believe he should have one," said the detective. No action, the case continued.

December 31: John Stuart, 24, appeared before Scarlett, S.M., on 11 charges (from rape to impersonating police to assault). Stuart entered the dock picturesquely bent over, with one hand clutching his ribs. The prosecutor explained that this was the result of a recent car accident. Stuart disagreed.

"I have been assaulted by police during the night," cried he, "and would like to see a doctor as quick as I could."

Mr. Scarlett said that he did not think it was the "appropriate time" for him to consider such an allegation. Bail was refused and the rib-clutching Stuart was led downstairs to meet again those friendly coppers of the night before.



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Mrs. Calwell's diary

And yet another busy month at 31 Baroda

After Arthur's fine showing in the Restrictive Practices debate I expected he would take a few days off—if only to help trim the Festive Bough. But no, off to Castlemaine as soon as Sir Robert let them out. He had to speak at the opening event of the ALP's 1966 Election Campaign. How appropriate that it should be held in a small Western Victorian bush town.

Arthur does so enjoy electioneering. An election is one thing he really loves and Arthur always looks forward to the next no matter how bad the result. He's a real glutton for punishment, as they say.

There he is now, Dear Diary, out in the kitchen hard at work on the roneo machine. The Party thought the 1963 campaign literature wasn't quite as effective as it might have been so this time Arthur is taking great care to keep his margins straight. It's a truly family business, too, because I check his spellings and even tap away at a stencil or two if he has to look up a reference or think of something.

So far, we've started on four little booklets—"The Problem of the North", "The Problem of the West", "What's Wrong With the South?" and "Dilemma in the East". They have a cheerful tone and Arthur used his bright style.

My Arthur doesn't stop, even at bed-time which is when I usually do stop him. As I drifted off to the Land of Nod, I could hear him muttering under his breath. I woke up early to hear him still at it. By then his voice was even hoarser than usual but after a few gargles of his false-teeth water, Arthur was back to his normal full-throated bay.

While Australia slept, he had been making up slogans for the big campaign to come. "Halt! Halt!", "Oust Liberal Hicks in '66", "Harold lost the Battle of Hastings in 1066 and in 1966 this Harold will lose the Battle of the Hustings" (which I thought was very classical), "Get a Labor Fix in '66" (for the younger folk) and "Liberals Nix in '66!". Of course, he rejected a few of these first thoughts over breakfast but I know I can look forward to seeing some of Arthur's

ideas along the railway line or even in the "Herald".

On New Year's Eve we went to the Flemington Sub-Branch Mardi Gras and Hawaiian Smoko and had a very late but enjoyable time. Old Sol was peeping through the kitchen window as we came in and the papers had already arrived. But I wish they hadn't. Our little idyll was soon ended. Arthur was terribly downcast at missing out on a New Year's Honour again and could barely manage a wry lopsided smile. "Oh, Arthur," I said, "you will always be my knight in shining armour! But I will admit to a little tug at my heart-strings. It would be nice for the girls at whist to have to call me Dame Beth and I'm sure the grocery boy would be more polite."

Of course, we both cheered up at the news that 1965 had been declared The Year of Calwell. Arthur could scarcely believe his ears when the first reporter rang up. But he luckily recovered in time to say "No comment!"

Later that day, Jim Cairns dropped in to congratulate Arthur and leave an autographed copy of his new "Living With Asia" book. Jim was rather disappointed with the reviews but he said that it was selling very well and was soon off, crying all the way to the Yarra Bank as it were.

The afternoon passed quietly after Jim left, with only the hum of the roneo machine breaking the Flemington stillness. After tea, we had a night to ourselves.

"What will Sir Robert do now he's retiring," I asked. Arthur suggested that he might become Gough's new secretary. I didn't think that Sir Robert would be loyal to either the Party or Arthur but Arthur said he was sure that he'd suit Gough to a "T".

"Strange bedfellows," thought I, as Arthur put out the tins. And so to bed.

THE AUSTRALIAN



"At last — the real me!"

Fame at last! Fancy, after all those cartoons of Arthur we now have one of little me to put on the kitchen wall. I thought Collette captured my floral print rather well but the rhinestones on my specs frames just don't show at all. I'd like to have a real woman-to-woman chat to Collette. (She is a very fine cartoonist—almost an artist in fact—and also wrote "Gigi", which I enjoyed very much.)

BRISBANE: THE NEW JERUSALEM

In Russell's New Jerusalem

the watch-words "decency"
— the statues in the galleries
are dressed in neck-to-knee,
the dogs all wear smart lap-laps,
the bitches, Mother Hubbards,
the mice all sleep in single beds
in strictly-censored cupboards ..

In Russell's New Jerusalem

they've tied-off every dream
— henceforth in sleep or waking
the fig leaf rules supreme.
The city's safe for six-year-olds,
the Golden Age returns,
while Russell over porno books
the midnight oil burns ...

Russell risks his noble soul

to build a heavenly city
where you and I will rest secure
from sensual thigh and titly,
where phallic symbols don't exist,
graffes have shortened necks,
and there are no sex-problems
because there is no sex!

BRUCE DAWE

BRUCE DAWE is a regular contributor to OZ now serving with the R.A.A.F. in Malaysia. He has just published his second book of poetry, entitled "A Need of Similar Name", handily priced at 18/6. This is a collection remarkable for its wit, humanity and vitality which we can recommend to our readers. All inquiries to F. W. Cheshire Pty. Ltd., 338 Little Collins St., Melbourne.

● Ming Don't Go-Go buttons obtainable from OZ office at 1/- each.

● Also old OZ posters for 1/-.

BANNED No. 2

Banned in Victoria! Banned in Queensland! Restricted by authorities in other States. Obscenity no. 2.

BANNED EXTRACTS!

Contains volatile extracts from three banned books: Marquis de Sade's Juliette, from Kama Sutra and Decameron. Contains two pages devoted to the four-letter word. Also reviews of other recently banned books, including Powdered Eggs, by Richard Neville; all about Oz and lots more dirt.

Send 5/- per copy to Gildrose Press, Box 87, Sydney Mail Exchange. We'll rush you a copy by return mail, post free.

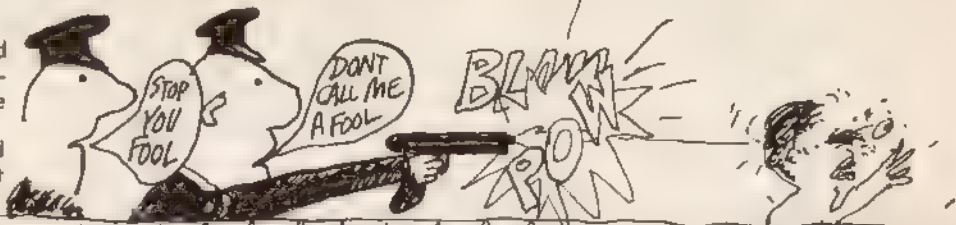
If the magazine is banned in your State don't worry because we send it in a plain envelope anyway. We're very discreet at Obscenity.

Not for sale to adults under 21 (unless accompanied by parents)

The OZ PRIZE GIVING

HEROES OF THE YEAR:

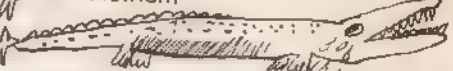
1. The policeman who prevented the escape of a suspicious 17-year-old by shooting a hole in his head
2. The boy's father who expressed the opinion that "he got what he deserved".



HEROIN OF THE YEAR. A batch worth £50,000 taken from a freighter in Sydney Harbour Which led everyone to think Sydney was going to pot

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
YESTERDAY'S HEROES: Midge Farrelly, Gary Shearstan, Pat Mackie, Lord de Lisle

TV's FUNNIEST MOMENT: When Don Lane wept over the Aussies in Vietnam



★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
FALL GUY of the YEAR
 The 20-stone Serge who TRIPPED over STINVICs.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★
PHILATELIST OF THE YEAR
 JEAN SHAMMERS

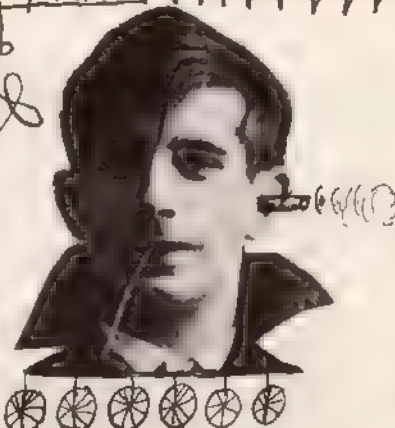
ALMA MARTYR Frank Knopples
 MOST INAUSPICIOUS EVENTS.
 Opera House opening party, Tommy Hanlon's heart crisis
 WHATEVER HAPPENED TO:
 Sydney Sparkes Orr
 Det.-Sgt. Harry Giles
 Madame Ngo Diem Nhu
 Elizabeth Shepherd

WHY DIDNT IT HAPPEN TO
 Det.-Sgt. Harry Giles
 Mavis Bramston
 John Lennon's father
 A. A. Calwell
 Farouk

THE PROTEST MOVEMENT THAT NEVER GOT OFF THE GROUND.
 Don't resign Ming!

MING
 DONT GO GO

THE PRANK THAT BACKFIRED:
 The kids who tossed metho over the oldie then offered him a light
BLACKEST EVENT OF THE YEAR:
 The night the lights went out in New York
ACADEMIC PROSTITUTE AWARD: To Vice-Chancellor of Melbourne University for presenting Premier Bolte with honorary degree
LAZARUS PRIZE: Lenny Bruce.
 HE DIDNT TAKE THE HINT:
 Frank Knopples



POLITICAL DEBUT-BOO: Richard Walsh

WORST NEW WORDS

ZAZZ
 AU-GO GO, RICOPUDI

BEST NEW WORD
 ★★★★★★★★★★
FRUG

FATHER of the YEAR - The man who pushed his son over the gap.

MOTHER of the YEAR

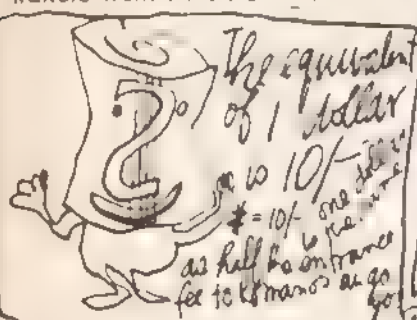
WORST IDEAS OF '65. In-flight movies, "Harlow", new Holden, Mr Ed, TV Bingo, Ampol Cross-outs, Vietnam war toys.
BUSINESSMEN OF '65: H. A. P. Veron and Hal Munro (Solicitors), Abe Landa, Shopoloff, Dr. Williams (the cancer quack).
GREATEST STATESMAN: Mayor of Walgett — "When everybody's equal they will be treated as equals."

OZ PRESS PHOTO OF THE YEAR AWARD: Normie Rowe charming a trio of under-age nymphets the night before his carnal knowledge court hearing — they were the daughters of his defence council.

BRENDA JAMES



BIGGEST TAKE: Shintaro. He appeared just three times, each for five minutes, and waved his samurai. He solemnly repeated this action to each section of the stadium audience. Main acts were R.S.L. club performers and Chinese waiters from Dixon Street.



MORE WORST IDEAS: Pageant of Asia, Dollar Bill, Data, What's New Pussy Cat, Let's Talk Strine, Romanos Au go-go, Teach-Ins, Vietnam Mail Call, Obscenity magazine.

Dear Mr Private Tom Locke.
getting shot up, Yank loves
HAPPY ... love mytic

GRUESOMEST TWOSOMES: Laurie Allan and Bobbie Bright; Don Lane and Bruce Menzies; John Thompson and Robert Kennedy; Harold and Zara



DARCY DUGAN'S HAPPIEST DAY
His father's funeral — he was let out of goal
MOST OVERDUE RESIGNATIONS:
Victorian Police Sergeant Mick Miller; Judge Curlew; Sir Frank Packer; Roger Bush (from the Church); Marlein Dietrich; Brigadier Spry.



PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH: DOLLY FRICKER

Charming, not unattractive, 39-year-old blonde, Dolly Fricker works as a Police Sergeant during the day and a decoy at night. Unusual work for an unusual lass

Though only a petite 5 ft. 5 ins. in her regulation stockings, she overcomes this natural handicap by her proficiency at unarmed combat. She also has the quick wits characteristic of those involved in police work

Dolly is better known to her friends as Del and to her intimates and inmates as "Ding Dong" (See Melbourne "Herald", Jan 6). One of her friends, Det.-Inspec. Ray Kelly testified recently: "Sergt. Del Fricker is the tops. She didn't bat an eyelid although she knew she was risking her life."

Amongst the men, Ding Dong has a big reputation as a "femme fatale"

At 39 she is on the wrong side of 35 and at an age when most decoys are considering retirement But not this one!

In fact, tolling as well as she does, Ding Dong hopes to play the fatal belle for many years yet

Barry Humphries gets his laughs because he sends up our mother and father and our relatives and we can laugh because they aren't in the theatre

because they have these funny rituals, customs, interests and worry about trivial things

because we have different rituals, customs, interests and worry about different things

because Sandy Stone and Edna Everage are composite characters drawing on a wide range of social mores and are everyone's parents

because we have to laugh at them because we have never really left them (even if we live at Paddington) and we haven't become separate people and we still eat Sunday dinner with them and are polite and submissive

because we are governed in what we like by the fact that it is different from our parents and we haven't reached individuality

because Barry Humphries was the very funny kid at school who imitated the teachers while they were out of the room and made us giggle but when they were there he never answered back

because if we laugh we can feel intellectually superior but we're not sure just how intellectually superior and Barry shows us that at least we are intellectually superior to our parents, I mean, they still think the Queen is lovely

because we are sure that our parents would "have a fit" if they knew how we lived

because Barry threw us a few inaccurate sketches based entirely on the old device of repetition (the skier's "old man's business," the surfies' "Chunder," the declassés' "Kafka") and we could say that the show wasn't only sending up our parents but that it was a general satirical programme although we knew it wasn't and that it depended entirely on Edna Everage and Sandy Stone and the rest was padding

because Mrs. Everage showed home movies and we knew this was funny because every American film and comedian since 1940 has sent up home movies—even Joe Doakes does it

because Barry Humphries said you may not be anything special but you're not as sick and tiresome as Sandy and Edna your big saving factor is that you laugh at Barry Humphries

because Barry carefully masked the sneering with humour and we were able to sneer while we were laughing and no one noticed.

Barry Humphries gets his laughs because Australians are socially adolescent

FRANK MOOREHOUSE



Don't forget your New Year Resolution —

SUBSCRIBE TO OZ

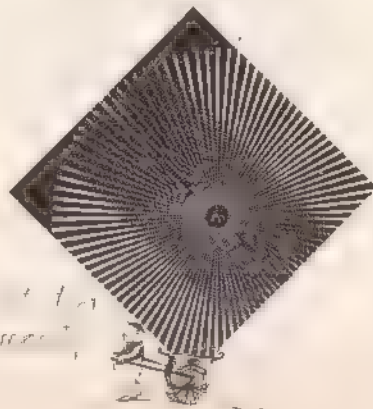
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FASHION

OZ SELECTS TWO AUTUMN CREATIONS FROM THE PEN OF MELBOURNE'S MOST TALKED ABOUT FASHION DESIGNER ZARA HOLT.



Smart, yet not so smart, at once expensive yet cheap, the Political Turncoat is a truly inspired fashion garment. Originally popularised by Abe Landa when caught wearing it around the House. Colours: Chameleon. Price: Subject to negotiation



"When Harold is Prime Minister, I'm sure that Muffs will come right back," laughed vivacious Zara. She showed us this sketch and recalled Harold's Royal Muff of last Season. (For trade reasons now marketed as Dollar Muffs.)

Other designs for Harold include Horror Muffs (at budget prices) and the South East Asia Muff (not yet created but a hot prediction).

the great FRED controversy or...

In 1961 the Italian Department at the University of Sydney was in a bad way. The then Head of the Department, R. A. Shaw (a Senior Lecturer) was at loggerheads with the Australian Italian community and was progressively losing staff. In that year, the Italian II and the Honours course had to be abandoned for lack of lecturing staff.

Unable to get rid of Shaw, the University in 1963 hit on the idea of appointing a Professor over him, who would then take precedence and might finally exert a cure on the Departmental ills. Their choice for this job was the man who had been the head of the Italian Department at Leeds since 1949. This was Fred May, ever thereafter laughingly known as "Professor".

Fred May is a caricature of the Arts Faculty professor: a small, jolly figure bursting with *joie de vivre* and articulating with breath-taking fluency. He is Mr. Pickwick, updated and gone arty. He is Barry Humphries — with strands of long hair flopping down either side of a pudgy, bespectacled face — only not as heavily built.

His enthusiasm was drought-breaking rain to the wilting spirits of Sydney University's Italian scholars. But it was not long before his influence was reaching a wider circle.

He became immersed in University Drama activities, being particularly infatuated with the then vogue for "Absurd" plays. When Sydney University presented its "Theatre of the Absurd", Fred contributed some translations and even took to the boards himself: a fantastic figure gambolling and frolicking about the stage like a superannuated matinee-idol.

Fred May is not one to shirk publicity; some would say he courts it. And no medium is too lowbrow to transmit his message. He has written articles for the "Daily Mirror" and the Australian sub. "Playboy" magazine, "Squire". His TV appearances have ranged from "Four Corners" down to "Dave Allen Show".

He first roused public attention by his complete opposition to any kind of censorship. He began his campaign in a humble way — speaking to university audiences. Soon, however, the good word spread that there was a highly articulate academic that would speak at any place at any time and most persuasively. By the time of the OZ case, at which he was a witness, he was in pretty hot demand.

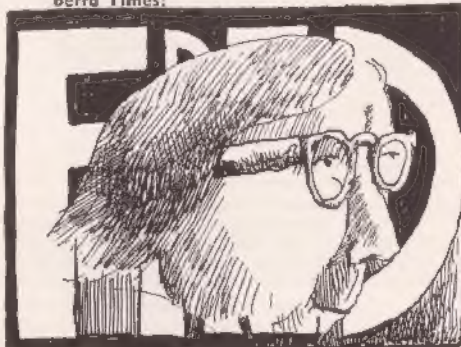
Perhaps almost too hot. When he appeared on the "Dave Allen Show" the *Mirror's* TV critic commented: "Professor May probably has other topics of conversation but from his public utterances you would never know it."

It never takes much to draw Fred into a Letter to the Editor and so it was inevitable that a reply should quickly appear: "That my talks have been almost exclusively on this topic — I have contributed to the debates on the new religious syllabus and on the reaction of Australia to Englishmen and vice versa (on radio) — must be assigned to prevailing interest in it, and to the wishes of producers. Willingly would I speak on other subjects dear to my heart..." An appealing *cri de coeur* for more air-time but, alas, no enterprising producer took up the implicit offer of a "Fred May Speaks His Mind" series.

By the time people were becoming bored with censorship, Fred had found another cause.

On April 14, 1965, the Professorial Board of the University of Sydney rejected the application of Dr. Frank Knopfelmacher for a vacancy in the Philosophy Department, despite the unanimous recommendation of its Selection Committee. Estimates of the number of professors who voted against Dr. K. on that occasion have ranged from 20 up to 40. Oddly enough, of this number (whatever it is) only one has ever seen fit to publicly defend the way they all cast their vote. That was honest, fearless-of-controversy Fred May.

Odder still is the fact that Fred at no time made any contribution to the debate which culminated in Knopfelmacher's rejection (see Prof. Dunstan's account, *THE BULLETIN*, Dec. 25). Yet whether they liked it or not — presumably it caused many of them the most excruciating distress — Professor May quickly foisted himself on the outside world as the champion and chief-spokesman for Sydney's Professorial Board and waged a running battle against the Knopfelmacherites on three fronts, through the Letters to the Editor columns of the *Australian*, *SMH* and *Canberra Times*:



During this protracted correspondence, the Professor has attempted to make the following points:

- 1) Knopfelmacher's friends acted unethically in allowing premature public discussion of the deliberations of the Professorial Board and its Selection Committee. A strange argument from an anti-authoritarian not noted for his reticence.
- 2) The general public should have blind faith in the integrity of the Professorial Board. An almost unworthy argument from a man who is on public record as opposed to the Big Brother attitude of Censorship Boards.
- 3) Dr. K. is not academically competent. In a letter to *The Australian* (May 4) he wrote, "Happily, we may accept six or seven of his non-philosophical papers as demonstrating general ability", a most preposterous piece of condescension from a man without any real philosophical training or any major publications to his name. He later referred to Dr. K.'s writings as "unethical, paranoid, hyperbolic, illiterate and windily meaningless" and displaying "a jolly, trampling, sub-Chestertonian attitude."

Although it may well be true that Knopfelmacher's training in political philosophy is insufficient for the post for which he applied and that this is sufficient reason for him not being appointed, the following facts still remain:

- 1) Fred May, like most of the Professorial Board, is not a trained philosopher. Hence any comment he makes on another man's philosophical competence is utterly presumptuous.
- 2) He has never concealed his personal animosity for Knopfelmacher and so always leaves a doubt that this interfered with his judgment. Thus: "My own experience of him as a speaker is limited to hearing him at the recent Peace Congress. Then he appeared to me incoherent, unorganised, slow in thinking on his feet, intent on martyrdom, and unimpressive in his analysis of political factors. Like him, I value argument, the vigorous life of polemic. We part company, I suspect, at the point where his sense of humour dies. He takes himself too solemnly; he is too intent on the messianic posture." *The Australian* (April 22). As a judge of the messianic posture, Fred should know what to look for.
- 3) In all his correspondence, Prof. May seems to have avoided the real central issue: in voting the way they did, were any of the members of the Professorial Board activated by political motives? The question of Dr. K.'s actual worth is quite separate from this but it is the one uppermost in Fred's mind, which finds it difficult to distinguish central issue from red herring.

To the dispassionate outsider — fortified by Prof. Dunstan's *Bulletin* article — it seems certain that some of the Professorial Board were in fact influenced by Knopfelmacher's reputation as a trouble-maker. That is an abuse of academic freedom which Fred should have been the first to criticise (in fact he contributed nothing to the actual Professorial Board discussion). True, to give him his due, there has always been the threat of political intervention on behalf of Knopfelmacher, another abuse of academic freedom which he has been quick to decry.

Basically, however, the Knopfelmacher Affair caught Fred on the wrong side and proved him inconsistent in his liberalism. It gained him the unenviable reputation of a publicity-seeker. He showed himself too ready to abandon principle and descend to personal abuse of Knopfelmacher. This last reached its nadir in a little "Absurd" play he wrote for *Squire* magazine, which contained oblique, unflattering references to the good doctor.

The way of the controversialist is not easy. Fred has always kept his thinking simple by adopting an absolutist line wherever possible. In the more complex situation of the Knopfelmacher Affair he showed himself unequal to the conflict.

Currently the professor is trying to break into the Vietnam Teach-in circuit. Here he is back on safe, familiar absolutist grounds, being a pacifist (he has been a fringe Quaker and active Anglican for years) he can oppose the Australian commitment in Vietnam without having to involve himself in the intricacies of Asian politics.

The Vietnam bandwagon is already sagging from the weight of numbers but somehow we feel sure Fred will manage to get aboard. You can't put a good polemicist down. And he has such a fine flow of English, even if no head for dizzy philosophical heights.

R.W.

a FRED in need is a fred indeed

If you have completed your formal studies you are now faced with the most important choice of your life.

A decision made wisely now will save a more agonising decision later on. How will you select from the extraordinary variety of career opportunities offered to you? . . . Don't. It has been proven that fame and fortune comes easiest to those who form their own companies . . . companies that are bound to collapse.

The advantages of forming a dud company are (a) you make more money, (b) you pay no tax, (c) you become a celebrity (Who's more famous M. V. Richardson of Victa Mowers or Stanley Korman?), (d) there's practically no chance the government will ever prosecute (e.g., still at large are the Kormans, the Cattells (Latec), Walter Shapowloff (Kwikasair), O. J. O'Grady (Reid Murray), the Steens (I.V.M.)—he's been remanded) and H. G. Palmer (he has only a civil writ outstanding and the possibility of government action), (e) being your own managing director is all play and no work.



The following hints for the ruthlessly ambitious have been extracted from the Government Investigator's reports into notorious Australian companies like the Korman group of Chevron Sydney, Factors, S.D.F., etc., who not only left a large hole in Macleay Street and the pockets of thousands of shareholders, but also gave its founder, Stanley, control of more money in five years than most people ever handle in ten lifetimes.

More tips are found in the official reports of Reid Murray, Latec Investments and International Vending Machines. An unofficial source is H. G. Palmer (Consolidated).

Around £50 million of public money has been "lost" in these companies.

THE FIRST LESSON: Our young business trainee will learn that money "lost" must be lost more in his direction than in any other.

Which Industries To Enter

It doesn't matter much. The best industries are the new ones, the glamorous ones, the untried ones. The most successful recent ones have included vending machines, coffee planting, uranium prospecting, beach sands mining, home unit development, factoring, electrical retailing, pine forest planting, and merchant banking.

Your Qualifications

The less formal qualifications the better. Academic degrees are definitely out. They prove more a hindrance, viz., the recent resignation (= sacking) of the M.L.C.'s deputy general manager, Dr. A. H. Pollard, M.Sc., M.Sc.Econ., Ph.D., as the alleged bunny in the H. G. Palmer collapse.

How Much Experience Do You Need?

Past experience has little to do with future business actions.

Reid Murray's Mr. R. L. Borg was a



cleaner. Mr. Korman's previous experience was in textiles and R. C. Moulton (Commercial Credit Corporation) switched non-chantly from accountancy to tobacco farming.

Your Public Personality

Patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel and the first sentiment of the crooked company director. Talk enthusiastically about the unlimited future of this untanned country. Emphasise how your company (regardless of its pursuit) will hasten national development.

Be conservative, right-wing, supremely optimistic, confident and profess a universal knowledge. As Reid Murray once said: "I'm an expert at anything from building home units to electrical retailing."

Where To Begin

Money is the scarce commodity. It oils the wheels of industry. In your case it is the industry. How do you raise it?

The Companies legislation provides that shares in private companies cannot be hawked around the countryside, nor can debentures in companies without a registered prospectus.

Don't be discouraged.

Vending machines, forest plots, pigs, land (development sites, etc.), can be sold at the door. Registering a debentures prospectus is a difficult task but worth the extra trouble. You can raise far more.

Reid Murray, H. G. Palmer (Consolidated), Latec Investments and the Korman group fully exploited this technique.

Few of the debentures will ever be honoured.

Who To Have On Your Board

Choose carefully.

Some people still think that boards run companies.

Eligible members should include knights, famous sportsmen and rising politicians. Any shareholder will be delighted to sell you a list. Directors' fees are minimal. You can get knights at a cut-rate if you place them on several boards.

There were at least four knights and one famous tennis personality spread through the Korman boards at one time or another.

Rising politicians, especially if they are lawyers, are a solid asset in times of strife.

Mr. J. C. Maddison's membership on the board of member companies of the Freightlines and Construction Holdings group has effectively stalled Government action against Shapowloff despite the Inspector's condemnatory report. Mr. Maddison is also Minister for Justice.

OZ career guide

How To Advertise

No investment is "absolutely guaranteed". But that shouldn't prevent you from using the phrase to woo potential shareholders. (The only thing "absolutely guaranteed" is your take.)

On television, the late Mr. Charles Cousins was fond of "absolutely guaranteeing" the public's investment in International Vending Machines (I.V.M.).

According to the official investigator's report, Louis and Joseph Steen (nee Finkelstein) were richer by a little short of half a million pounds by the time the I.V.M. empire was sold—at the peak of profitability—to another company in 1960.

Advertisements should never be made on the financial pages of our daily papers. The financial Press delights in ribbing fraudulent propositions. It is not worth the trouble of convincing the financial readers of the sincerity of your proposition. There are far too many other eager investors.

The financial press, therefore, is not the force that most of its journalist-members believe.

At the height of the 1959-60 boom a crooked vending machine venturer published the following internal document:

"The Financial Press should not be worried about since, by definition, the people who read it would not be interested in our proposition."

On the other hand, the Press can be useful. The cost of entertaining journalists, providing a number of free trips for them to view openings of your new ventures, is very small. The rewards are very large.

In January, 1960, one respected financial paper, under the heading "An Exhilarating Year for Reid Murray", said:



"The shares have advanced sharply to 14/6 in recent weeks with the yield down to 4.2 per cent. Growth will undoubtedly require more share capital in the next few years. The scrip at current prices is for long-term holders and has appeal for the small investor who gets a wide spread of interests from a holding of this unique type of counter."

The shares have since been removed from the Stock Exchanges as *valueless*.



Holidaying at Surfer's Paradise after his work on the Olympic Games, Lieut-General Sir William Bridgeford (left) watches another big project get under way. With Mr. S. Korman, Chairman of Directors of Chevron Ltd., he thanks the Mayor of the South Coast, Alderman Peak (right) for laying the foundation stone last Saturday of Chevron's new £1,000,000 hotel Surfer's Paradise. Sir William is a director of Chevron Ltd.

If the financial Press begins to irritate you, there are plenty of remedies. Pressure from the advertising side, and the throwing in of 'stop-writs' are two well-known ways to bring the Press to heel.

'Stop-writs' are usually issued to stifle Press criticism at crucial money-raising periods. The Press is effectively gagged by the threat of a contempt of court action. The writ can later be withdrawn.

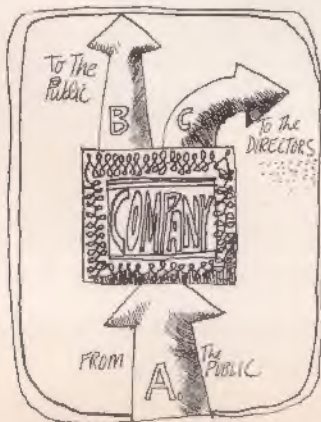
These techniques have been used by Stanley Korman, the Steens in I.V.M., and more recently by Walter Shapowloff.

The Launching

When your ostentatious new office block has been completed, it must be officially opened. Best openers are prestigious politicians. They will lend class to the function and ensure impressive publicity. (Politicians can also be duped into laying foundation stones—see picture). Always aim high. Latec did. Sir Garfield Barwick opened its ten storey building in Newcastle. On that occasion the S.M.H. reports him orating: "It is not an easy thing to manage money or business. We should pay special tribute to those who do . . . There are no limits to Australian industry while good, honest, sensible management are available." Also, the Daveco Development and Vending Corporation, which lost £1½ million of the public's money, was opened by the Commonwealth Director of Health.

The Flow Of Funds

Lack of money should pose no great problem for the young initiate into Australian business. Study the following diagrams:

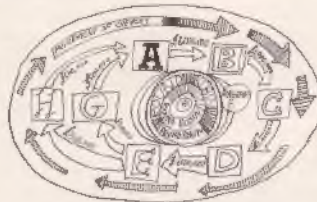


Initially, flow A is always bigger than flow B and C. When flow A begins to taper off, taper flow B off, never touch flow C; sometimes it may prove wise to increase flow C to show people that "everything's all right!" They will believe you.

When Things Get Tough

(Blame the "credit squeeze".)

Australia's indulgent company laws provide that investors need only see the results of their investments once a year. Since bank cheques take more than one day to clear, you can substantially improve your position as at your annual balance date by simply "swapping cheques". The following diagram of the technique known as "round robin" in the Korman case should help explain the new degrees of sophistication attained in business.



All the companies A to H are part of the same group. Cheques, all of identical amounts, pass from one company to another simultaneously. At the end of cheques-passing the overall position has not changed, but new debtor-creditor relationships have been created. These are important, since some are regarded as better, sounder and more reliable than others.

All cheques must be passed on the same day, usually at June 30. New bank accounts can be opened for the purpose. The Korman's "round robin"—a classic in any business text—involved eight companies, five of which opened new bank accounts for the purpose.

Some Cardinal Rules

(1) Make sure there is absolutely no money left. Speaking at a symposium in Melbourne in February last year, the Victorian Attorney-General, A. G. Rylah, highlighted the importance of this point. He said:

"The Companies legislation contains innumerable provisions which will enable delinquent directors to be examined and prosecuted, and in some cases made personally responsible for debts, but it seems to be almost standard practice for delinquent directors to make sure that there is

no money left in chasing them, and it is extremely rare for the defrauded members or creditors to be prepared to put up any money at all to enable the liquidator to undertake the necessary investigations."

(2) Keep delaying things as long as possible. So that by the time you finally get called to Court many years after, your original witnesses are either dead or have forgotten everything.



At the end of November last the Crown announced that it would not proceed with a criminal charge against Stanley Korman and two other directors of his companies. This was because "the picture presented by the whole of the evidence available indicated it would be improper for the Crown to proceed".

The Korman group raised many millions from the public and has incurred losses totalling more than £5 million.

Now you should be ready to go into business yourself. But first, test your skill on the OZ Management Quiz:

If the Press rings you up seeking information, do you:—

- Deliberately mislead it.
- Say "No comment".

● Say that the subject is far too complicated to discuss over the phone, and suggest that he come over to your yacht on Sunday for a discussion in more pleasant surroundings.

Which is a better time to hold an annual meeting:

- The day before Christmas.
- Between Christmas and New Year.

(Although popularised by the Korman group. It was originally pioneered by K. M. McCaw, the present N.S.W. Attorney-General, who gained initial experience in the Pacific Acceptance group).

- Hold it any time—at Oodnadatta.

When deciding how to organise your annual company meeting, do you:—

● Insist on all questions being asked in one bunch before answering any of them, and close the meeting immediately afterwards (commonly known as the M.L.C. technique).

● Refuse admission to the Press, but still send the Press copies of your chairman's annual address, but no mention of questions asked at the meeting (the British Tobacco technique).

● Appoint a new chairman a few days before the meeting who is unfamiliar with company affairs and thus can't make embarrassing disclosures.

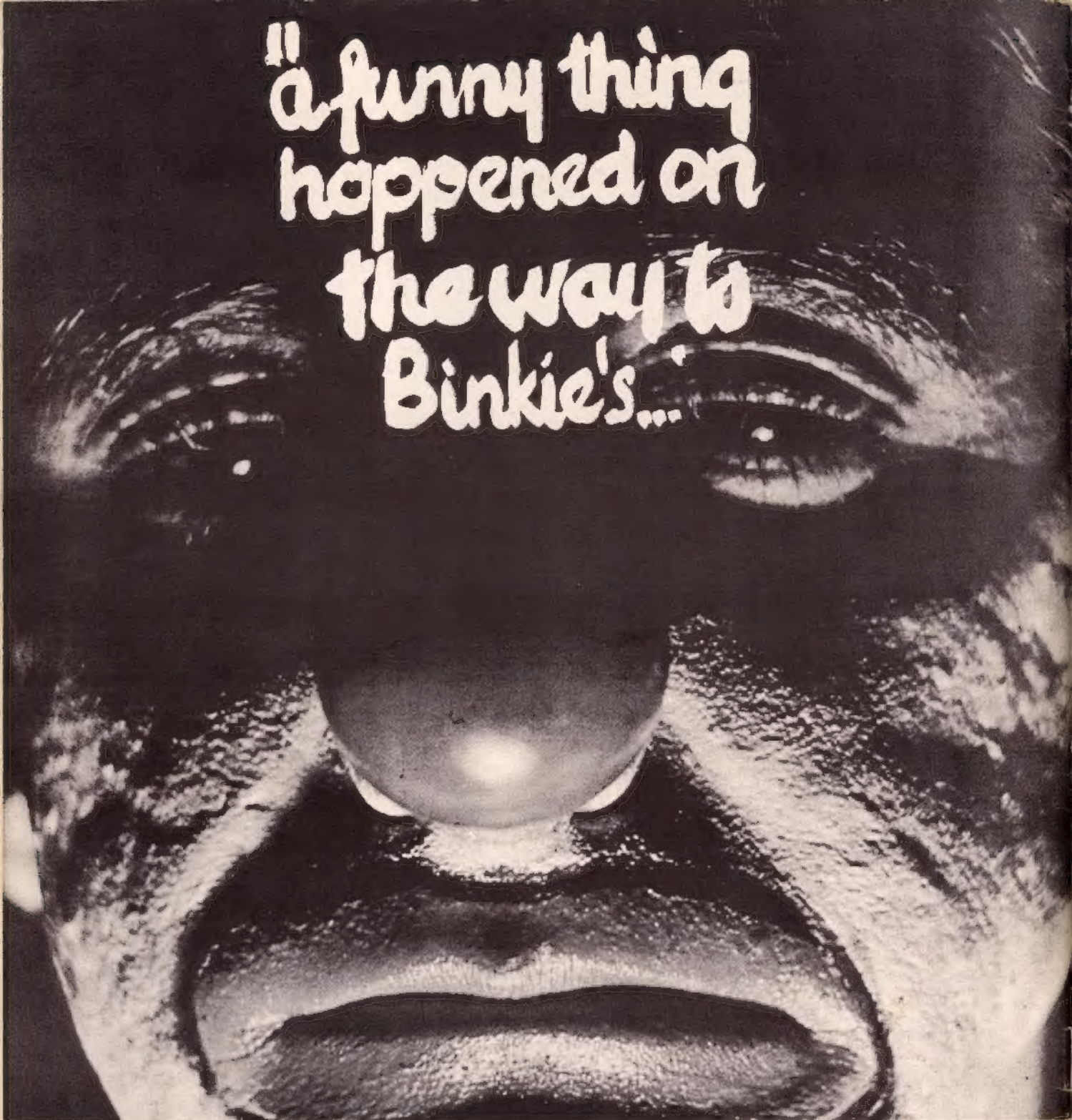
Consolation prizes to failures in the business game include trips to Brazil, Argentina or any other non-extraditable country.

FINAL WORD: Remember, the best people to exploit are pensioners, retired schoolteachers, widows, etc. The 'soft sell' method is most effective. "I'm sorry madam, this venture is understandably so popular, that I doubt if there's a spare uranium mine left."

She'll end up cashing in her insurance and doubling the mortgage on her cottage.

Many innocent widows have been successfully ruined by activities of the above-mentioned companies.

The directors are still flourishing in luxury. Take heed.



"a funny thing
happened on
the way to
Binkie's..."

Binkies is a king place for Binkieburgers
and other good eats. Open 24 hours a
day, 7 days a week. 210 Elizabeth St. (Sydney),
near the Tivoli, next to Gas Lash.